

## Barrister's Ghost

By HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

"DULCIMER, are you not afraid to trust those two men in a boat together?" asked my wife, with a meaning laugh, as her niece waved a farewell from the front gallery.

"Certainly not," answered Dulcimer, lightly.

We were eating the bread of idleness at one of the smaller resorts on the Florida coast. Closely attached to our little party were two others, Horace Munn and David Barrister, the former a young eastern broker, the latter a successful orange grower, whom Dulcimer had met the summer before. In Dulcimer's treatment of each there seemed no partiality shown.

I had an engagement with Munn and Barrister for Christmas day to take a small boat and fish, but with the morning came a persistent headache, which compelled a change of plans. I gave the two a lunch that had been prepared, and a small flask of orange wine, which Barrister put in his pocket, and they pulled off without me.

Along toward noon my wife was reading from a popular novel, Dulcimer was busy with her embroidery, and I was listening and dozing alternately in a hammock, when hasty footsteps suddenly claimed our attention, and almost before we recognized the intruder a shadow fell across the gallery. Horace Munn stood in our midst, his garments dripping with sea water, his face strangely pale, his eyes filled with somber tidings.

"The boat overturned—I swam ashore," he faltered, and seemed almost exhausted.

"Good Heavens!" I cried, springing to my feet. "Where is Barrister?"

Munn looked first at Dulcimer, then at me. She had risen, and stood with eyes fixed on him in a gaze of fascinated terror, while she shook violently, as with a chill. In that moment I understood it was "the other one" she loved best.

"Where is Barrister?" I repeated.

"I tried to save him!" Munn cried, brokenly, "but he sank at once and was carried out to sea. I had hard work to save myself, the waves—" The speaker suddenly swayed and fell unconscious at Dulcimer's feet.

This tragic termination of the day's outing was a very great shock to us all, especially Dulcimer, and on Christmas night, beyond the mid hour, she came to my wife the picture of affliction.

She insisted that David Barrister had appeared at her bedside, his garments dripping with salt water, seaweed tangled in his hair, and a death-like pallor on his face. He carried in his hand a small wicker flask that had long been in the water, and held it out to her, but when she reached forth to take it the form vanished.

"We must get Dulcimer away from here," said my wife, concernedly, a day or so later. "She needs a change of scene."

We went to St. Augustine. The evening while sitting in the open square of the hotel listening to the music, Dulcimer, who sat next to me, suddenly began to tremble, and as I arose to throw a wrap about her shoulders, I caught sight of Horace Munn coming through the archway of the entrance. Dulcimer's back was toward it, and she had not turned around.

"Are you ill?" I asked of Dulcimer, in alarm.

"It is nothing," she answered, in a low tone. "I am better now."

While she was speaking Horace Munn presented himself. He had only reached St. Augustine that evening. As Dulcimer turned to speak to him, I saw that my wife was covertly watching the effect of the meeting.

"You must not be too hard on Dulcimer," I ventured, when in the privacy of our room. "It will take some little time for the shock of Barrister's death to wear off."

Dulcimer and Horace Munn did not meet again until the following winter, and a second peculiar circumstance attended this meeting.

While at the theater, some late arrivals came in at the beginning of the second act, and all at once Dulcimer began to tremble. I glanced back of me, and as I had suspected, I saw Horace Munn just then appear at the curtained entrance of the corridor leading to the parquette.

Horace Munn remained in the city about a fortnight, and in that time we saw him frequently. I think my wife began to be very hopeful, when, after Christmas night, her plans were shattered by Munn's abrupt departure, and Dulcimer's tearful confession that she had rejected him.

"You must not censure me!" she cried, "for last night there came once more to my bedside the poor dripping figure holding out to me your wicker flask. Twice, on Christmas night, has this strange apparition appeared; twice has it offered me the flask. What is the meaning of it?"

The following June we sailed for the old world for a few months' travel. Midsummer found us sailing the majestic fjords of picturesque Norway.

The morning after our arrival at Trondhjem, while we were breakfasting, suddenly in our meal an exclamation from my wife drew my attention to Dulcimer, who was leaning back in her chair, trembling violently, her face quite pale. As I rose to go to her assistance, two guests were

ushered into the quaint breakfast room by the attentive host. The first guest was a stranger whom I had never seen, the second was Horace Munn. By the time he had come forward and introduced his friend, another American by the name of Tarkington, Dulcimer had quite recovered from her faintness.

Munn and his companion were journeying to the North Cape, and as we were the only Americans among the present lot of tourists at the hotel it naturally came about that we formed a little party of our own.

From Tromso we set sail for Hammerfest, which is principally famous for being further north than any other city in the world. Strange to relate, the harbor at this remote spot never freezes over, though it lies within the arctic circle.

This open water is due to the gulf stream and the flossam of southern seas is frequently gathered here, floating trunks of palm and orange trees, and tropical vegetation strange to the northern flora.

Soon I began to suspect that Horace Munn had a second rival in the field quite as formidable as Barrister had been. This was Edward Tarkington.

On our return to Hammerfest, Tarkington was compelled to remain some little time on business, but promised to join us later, so Munn was once more left a clear field, except for certain letters that came with commendable regularity to Dulcimer—at least, for some weeks they came, then suddenly ceased, and I noticed a troubled look on Dulcimer's face.

By Christmas we were settled in Florence, and my wife renewed her hopes regarding Horace Munn's suit. He was surely a persistent wooer.

"It all depends on the 'Christmas ghost,'" declared my wife to me, in private. "She will reject Horace Munn if it appears. Of course, it exists only in her imagination, so let us do all we can to keep her mind on more pleasant subjects. If we can manage to tide over this special night all will yet end well."

On Christmas day we haunted the shops to see the holiday displays, and at night attended the theater, as guests of Horace Munn, then after a quiet little supper went to our hotel.

Shortly after midnight a cry of alarm from Dulcimer's room brought us there. She stood in the doorway the embodiment of consternation, holding some strange object which she thrust in my hands, then dropped in a swoon at our feet.

On bringing her to consciousness, little by little, we gathered the story of her dismay. She had abruptly awakened out of a deep sleep to find the figure of a man standing by her bedside. Thinking that a burglar had gained entrance to her room, she screamed, then she remembered that it was Christmas night, and knew that her ghostly visitor had once more appeared.

In confirmation of her story, she showed the ghostly gift as a tangible proof. It was a small flask, wicker-covered, its metal top creaked, its sides green with mould and salt encrusted, its neck covered with a fringe of dried seaweed and small clinging shells, as if gathered in a long voyage over many leagues of ocean—the flask that Dulcimer had seen twice before when the ghostly visitor appeared to her.

As I examined the article carefully, the knowledge slowly dawned on me that it was my very own flask, once filled with orange wine, which I had given to David Barrister long months before in Florida, on the fatal morning he had gone forth, never to return.

When the creaked stopper was removed, a lead pencil fell from the flask. It proved to be a visiting card rolled in oiled paper, while on it was written these words, now scarcely legible:

"The boat has been tampered with and is sinking. Munn caused it. He knows I cannot swim, and has left me to my fate. I trust this message to the waves. My last thoughts, Dulcimer, are of you."

Mechanically, I turned the card over. On the other side was the engraved name—David Barrister.

Not until several months later was the mystery of the strange recovery of my wicker flask made clear. On their bridal trip Edward Tarkington told Dulcimer that he had bought it of a fisherman who had picked it up off the coast of Hammerfest during the past fishing season.

Tarkington, fully alive to the meaning of the recovered flask, and also suspecting treachery on Munn's part in his own case, set out to find us, and only succeeded in locating our party at Florence on Christmas night. The room given him was next to Dulcimer's at the hotel. He had been a somnambulist since early boyhood, and on this Christmas night, filled with doubts as to what course he should pursue in regard to this silent witness of a rival's villainy—a witness that had been strangely drawn over countless miles by the forces of mysterious phenomena, to give testimony within the arctic circle itself of a deed committed long months before on semi-tropical seas—Tarkington had arisen in his sleep, made his way from one balcony to another, and finding the window of Dulcimer's room unfastened, had gone in and given her the flask, much to her terror and his own consternation when he awoke.

As for the Christmas ghost, it was never seen again.

### THE CHILDREN

#### Sprite the Chicken

Sprite was a baby when he came out of the egg he was very tiny. A little Maysie took him for her pet. She made a cunning in a beautiful gold for Sprite's home. He had a little with bread and milk in it and a carpet of cotton wool. Maysie put a small against the wires of the and as soon as the little grew lively, he saw another little staring at him. He got up on his tiny slapped his and crept across to the.

Who are you? chirped Sprite. He perked his on one side and winked his black eyes. The other in the perked his head. Maysie stood watching him. Her Mamma came. How they all did laugh! All the little and on the street came to see Sprite, it was such fun. They fed him and and. Soon he grew so big that he had to be taken out from his and put with the old Mamma in a nice large.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

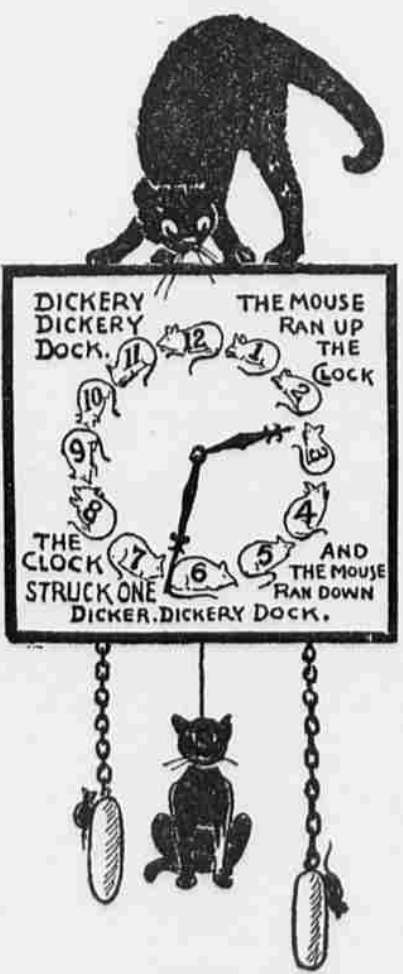
#### CLOCK FOR CHILDREN.

Tiny Mice Mark the Hours and a Hungry Black Tom Cat Tops the Whole.

A clock calculated to attract the children's attention is now displayed in a jeweler's window.

To make this clock the first purchases should be some strong millboard, prepared for oil painting. The millboard should cover the face of an ordinary open clock and project about an inch all around. On the top of the squares should be cut the figure of a black cat. The cat and square are in one piece.

The cats should be painted in black oil color, with yellow or green eyes, and the whole clock face painted bright leaf green with a vermilion outline. When this is dry describe a circle from the hole where the hands pass and carefully draw 12 mice similar to those in the illustration. Be careful that a point marked on the center of each mouse comes exactly over each of the 12 divisions of the circle. The stretch of the compass in drawing the circle is one-sixth of the measurement of the circle; therefore, if this



A CLOCK FOR THE NURSERY.

distance is halved it will naturally give one-twelfth.

If preferred the mice can be cut out of white paper and gummed on the face of the clock.

Clear red figures on the body of the mouse mark the hours. The millboard face is now varnished and tacked over the existing wooden face with four gilt tacks. Before tacking on, however, get some one to paint in black artistic and plain lettering the old nursery rhyme of "Dickery, Dickery, Dock." The clock hands should also be blackened.

The weights are painted vermilion and varnished, and you should buy two paperweight mice, fixing them on near the top of each weight with fine wire.

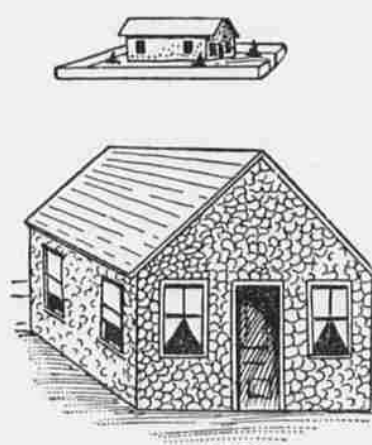
The cat pendulum may be drawn on the lid of an old tin biscuit box, cut out, painted black and placed over the existing pendulum. If tin, it should be soldered on, but if cut out in cardboard fine wire will suffice to attach it to the pendulum.—Kansas City Star.

#### STONE HOUSE FOR DOLLY.

A Hint for Little Girls Which, If They Carry It Out, Will Give Them Much Pleasure.

The most picturesque houses are of stone in its natural form. Since nothing is too good for the dollies, such a house would be just the thing for them. There are comparatively few among truly people who can have such houses because of the cost. But you have an advantage over others, my little girl mothers, for you yourselves can build a stone house for your dollies.

Use for a framework a wooden box as near the shape of a house as it is possible to find, letting the bottom of



THE HOUSE COMPLETE.

the box pass for the flat roof. Get father or brother to cut in your house holes for windows on the front and on each side. Also in the center of the front have cut a door. Paper bearing appropriate designs to represent stained glass can also be put into the window openings or isinglass can be used for this purpose the sashes being painted in white.

Now cover the entire outside of the house with putty, and upon this fasten bits of stone. These can be found on the beach where they have been polished by the waves, or if pebbles are not desired, break up with a hammer any ordinary rock and use the pieces. By the way, I always prefer rock in the rough for houses for truly people, but I won't express an opinion in regard to houses for dolls.

The flat roof can be covered either with sand or with sanded paper. A chimney can be made of pasteboard and covered, if desired, with red paper marked off to represent bricks. Of course, a slanting roof can be had if preferred. This can be made of a bent piece of pasteboard. The house can be set in the cover of a large box. This will serve as a lawn, and can be covered with green moss. Walks can be laid out over the lawn. A piece of mirror will serve as a pond.

The house can be built of a pasteboard box, but it must be very stiff to support the weight of putty and stones and maintain its shape.—Orange Judd Farmer.

#### Dog Used as Barometer.

Sailors who arrived in New York last month on the bark Adam W. Spies tell remarkable stories of the barometric tail possessed by "Bob," the ship's dog. The vessel's barometer had been broken, but on two occasions one of the men noticed that just before waterspouts appeared Bob's tail would be lying flat on his back. After that Bob was studied. It was discovered that the tail pointing straight astern heralded the approach of westerly gales, and that when the tail drooped if rained within the hour. When Bob's tail curled at the end, snowstorms and hail squalls were looked for. The barometric indications of the animal's tail were as faithfully followed by the captain as if his regular instrument had noted the condition.

#### NEVER SAW SUCH LARGE YIELDS.

The Climate Is Healthy—The Winters Are Pleasant in Western Canada.

Writing from Stirling, Alberta, to one of the agents representing the Canadian Government Free Homestead Lands, Mr. M. Pickrell, formerly of Beechwood, Kentucky, says of Western Canada:

"In the first place we will say that the summer season is just lovely indeed. As to the winter, well we never experienced finer weather than we are now enjoying. We have just returned from Northern Alberta and will say that we found the weather to be very mild, the air dry, fresh and invigorating. Considering everything we can say that the winters here are most pleasant, healthy and enjoyable to what they are in the States. Here it gets cold and continues so till Spring—there are no disagreeable winds. In South Alberta it is some warmer—two to four inches of snow may fall and in a few hours a Chinook wind come along, evaporating the entire snow, leaving terra-firma perfectly dry, in fact, we did not believe this part until we came and saw for ourselves and we now know what we herein write to be just as we write it. There has not been a day this winter that I could not work out doors. Farmers here are calculating on starting the plough the first of March.

"As to farm wages, we would not advise a man to come here with the expectation of living by his days' work, but all who do want a home I advise to have nerve enough to get up and come for there never has been, and may never be again, such a grand opportunity for a man to get a home almost free.

"As to the crops, I have been in the fields before harvest, saw the grass put up and the grain harvested, and I never saw such large yields. I saw oats near Edmonton over six feet tall that yielded 80 bushels per acre, and I talked to a farmer near St. Albert who had a field year before last that averaged 110 bushels per acre, and weighed 43 pounds to the bushel. All other crops would run in proportion—as to potatoes and vegetables, the turnout was enormous. I have such reports as the above from all sections that I have visited, and that has been every community between the Edmonton district and Raymond in the Lethbridge district.

"As to stock raising, I would advise a man to locate in this place, or any place, in South Alberta, but for mixed farming, I would say go up farther north, say near Lacombe, Wetaskiwin or Edmonton, where it is not quite so dry and where there is some timber to be had. I will say that nowhere have I ever seen a better opportunity for a man, whether he has money or not, to obtain a home. Nowhere can be found a more productive soil, better water and a better governed country than Western Canada affords. Inducements to the homeseeker are unexcelled. I met two men near Ponoka on the G. & E. R. R., who borrowed the money to pay for their homestead and in four years those two men sold their farms—one for \$2,500, the other for \$3,000. I met a man near Wetaskiwin who landed here with 25 cents six years ago. He is now worth \$8,000. The advantages for ranching are excellent, in fact I do not believe this section can be beat. Markets are good; as to living, a family can live as cheap here as they can in the States. The average yield of oats in this neighborhood, last year, was 70 bushels, per acre; wheat averaged 35, barley 40, and the beet crop was good. In consequence of the successful cultivation of the beet, a large beet sugar factory is being erected at Raymond, seven miles from here.

"In conclusion, I will say that N. W. T. from Manitoba to a long distance north of Edmonton produces most wonderful crops. Lakes and rivers abound with fish, and game is plentiful. And that this is unquestionably the country for a man to come to if he desires to better his condition in life. I would advise the prospective settler to look over the Lethbridge, Lacombe, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton districts before locating.

"I will locate in the Edmonton district next Fall and several families from the States will locate with me. In the meantime, I will receive my mail here and will be pleased to give the interested all the information desired."

For information as to Railway Rates, etc., apply to any agent of the Canadian Government whose names appear elsewhere in this paper.

#### The Longest Sentence.

A schoolmaster was giving his class a lesson in grammar when he asked the boys to tell him the longest sentence they had ever read. There was silence for a minute or two, but at last a small boy stood up and said he could remember the longest sentence he had ever read.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Imprisonment for life," replied the boy.—N. Y. Tribune.

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